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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

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OUR FIRST LODGERS.

I have always held an opinion that young women in a respectable sphere of life, when left unprotected by the death of parents, require more sympathy than any other class. It may be they have a little money; it is to be hoped that daughters, so left, generally have. This they proceed to embark in various ways, according to their capacities, and the notions they have imbibed in their station of society. Some try to establish a school; some sink their capital in setting up a business—a Berlin wool-shop, a stationer's and library, or the like; some put their little bit of money out, and rely on the interest for clothes, whilst they seek to go out as nursery governess or companion. And thus, in various ways, all try to obtain an honest livelihood. But let the reader be very sure that there are few of these unprotected women but have a crushing weight of struggle and sorrow.

Anxious perplexity, pinching want, heart-breaking care, these are often their lot, and for many there is no turn, no worldly rest, till they find it in the grave. I can feel for them, for I did not, for several years, I and my sister, struggle on, fighting our way with disappointment and non-success. Yet we never were so badly off as many, and in time God saw fit to crown our efforts with plenty. It was in 1836, and I was about thirty-one, that we had to turn our attention to getting our own living. Part of our mother's income had died with her, and all we had was £500 each. And that is more than falls to many orphans. One sister, much younger than ourselves, had married a medical gentleman, and gone to settle in a distant part of the kingdom, and I and Lucy cast about in our minds what we should turn to. A ladies' boarding-school appeared to be the most congenial, and we were, I think, though I'm sure I say it in all modesty, more suitable for the charge than are some who undertake it. My learning was but little, and of the plainest sort, but I was (I hope) kind, just, and considerate—of calm, steady character and manners. Lucy was merrier than I, and she excelled in grand learning, such as astronomy, the use of the globes, elegant composition, with music, and other accomplishments, suitable to teach to little gentlemen. We both felt that we had the qualifications and the will essential to do our full duty to those children who might be confided to our care; so we determined on our plan.

The first step was to find a suitable house and neighborhood. We had hitherto, at least for the last many years, lived in the country, where there was no scope for such an undertaking, and several friends advised us to turn our thoughts to the vicinity of London, which we did. But the trouble we had, though the metropolis abounds in suburbs. Some we found overstocked with schools, some localities we not deemed highly healthy, and some had no suitable house that we could rent. We did fix ourselves, at last, after spending a purse of money over those whirling omnibuses. I will not name the exact situation, for we are in the same house still, and I do not care that all the world should read these struggles, and know that they apply to us. It was a capital house, large and convenient; enclosed from the high road by a wall, with a pretty garden in front and a playground behind. We paid £80 a year for it—a rent that frightened us, and if it looked formidable in perspective, what was it when it came near? I can safely say that quarter-day for many years never drew near but it brought to us a heart-sickening. And there were the taxes in addition. After taking the house, the next step was to furnish it. We had most of the furniture from our old home, but it was the worse for wear, and the little which had filled a small house was lost in one large one. So we bought new for the drawing room, and for the children's bedroom that was to be, with desks and forms for the school room, disposing the old about the house as we best could; and occasionally buying, as time went on, some next to indispensable articles, as we thought we could spare the money.

Of course we had sent out cards and advertised, and then we sat down in our house and waited for pupils. The first quarter we received some demands for circulars, but nothing came of it; the next we had three day scholars, two sisters and another. I then took the resolution to call at the principal houses in the neighborhood, and urge our hope of their patronage. Whether they liked my appearance I do not know, but soon after that we had eleven day-scholars and five boarders, so we thought success was coming all at once, and I believe we had certain visions of retiring with a fortune. But the years went on, and we found success was not so certain.

It could not be strictly said we did not succeed; but we did not succeed sufficiently to pay our expenses and live, and our little stock of capital was often drawn upon. And that heavy rent! Our numbers fluctuated much; one half year we would have a large school, the next it would be a small one. Many an anxious conversation did I and Lucy have; many an hour of more anxious thought, many a sleepless night. To sink into debt and difficulty; to spend the

last shilling of our capital in striving to avert it; to find our efforts fruitless, our money gone, and we turned from our present shelter, from our poor means of living, without any definite prospect of finding another—those visions disturbed our rest continually. Oh, God, pity all who are struggling as we were to keep up appearances and earn a respectable living, and who find their hopes and their means grow less day by day!

"I have a scheme running in my head," Lucy said to me one evening; "suppose we let lodgings?"

"Let lodgings!" I ejaculated.

"Our drawing room and one or two bedrooms. We can give up our own and go up-stairs, and there's the one we had fitted up for that parlor-boarder. Why not?"

"But it will not do to let lodgings in a ladies' school, one of our class," I returned.

"Such a thing was never heard of. All the parents would object to it."

"Most of them would never know it," answered Lucy. "We can give up any possible detriment to the pupils—make no difference to them whatever. We might easily get thirty shillings a week for the three rooms, be that as it may, and if we had the luck of quiet people, very little trouble."

"Thirty shillings a week! It would go far towards the rent. 'I will sleep upon it,'" said Lucy.

"I did. And the next day we got some cards written in text hand, 'Gentle Apartments,' and gave them to our greengrocer and stationer to display in their shops; for of course we dared not have such an intimation struck our own gate or hanging up outside the wall.

The cards were out three weeks and not a soul came. We were in despair. But one day Sarah, our servant, came to the door of the schoolroom, and beckoned me out.

"It's some folks after the rooms, ma'am," she whispered. "They look likely people." Sarah was more anxious on the point, I think, than we were.

I went up to the drawing room, and two ladies rose at my entrance. Agreeable in person they were, and neatly dressed in mourning. The elder was about three or four and thirty, a rosy-cheeked woman, with quick dark eyes; the other, who was more delicate looking, and a little younger, was her sister.

"You have apartments to let, we hear," said the former, handing me a card, "and we are in search of some." I glanced down at it—"Mrs. Archer."

"I beg pardon, ma'am," I said, "are you a widow?"

"No," she replied. "My husband is abroad."

"Because we should decline to take a gentleman; it would not be deemed suitable for a school. Only ladies."

"Well, he is abroad," she repeated; "it is only for ourselves. Can we see the rooms?"

"This is the sitting room," I said, and one bedroom opens from it. The other—

"We only require one bedroom," she interrupted, as she rose to go with me into it.

Our bargain was soon concluded. They took the two rooms at twenty-five shillings per week, and promised to come in on the morrow.

"What extras will there be?" inquired the younger lady, Miss Graves.

"Extras!" I repeated, "not any. Except—I believe it is customary—some little gratuity to the servant." I had not been in the habit of letting lodgings.

"What about the linen? Are we to find it?" asked Lucy, when I told her of our success.

"The linen!" I exclaimed, dubiously; "I forgot it completely. I never said a word about it."

"Nor the ladies?"

"Nor the ladies. I remember they said they had their own spoons."

"Then they take it for granted we find it, no doubt. Well, it will not much matter, either way. Did you ask for references, Hester?"

"I really had not; I was obliged to confess it; and Lucy laughed; I, who was generally over-cautious."

"These ladies came, and for several weeks things went on with satisfaction, they paying their money regularly. Then they began to grow behindhand, and made excuses from time to time, which seemed to us very plausible. But when the weeks went on, and on, and there was no money at all coming forth, I and Lucy grew uneasy. The debt amounted to nearly £9, and we had looked to it to help out our coming quarter's rent."

I was in the kitchen one morning, making some apple-dumplings for dinner, when Sarah, who stood by me paring apples, began to talk.

"I think them are queer customers we have got hold of, ma'am," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, I fancy they have come to the end of their tether, and haven't got neither cross nor coin to bless themselves. They are living now upon almost nothing. And where are their spoons gone to?"

"Their spoons?"

"The four table-spoons put on their table every day for dinner. It's a good month since the two first disappeared—that handsome silver cream-jug vanished about the same time—and now the two last is gone. When I was a laying the cloth yesterday for dinner—them precious herrings they bought—I went on a hunting for the spoons, and Miss Graves said—'Oh, I have got them. I'll put them on the table myself presently, Sarah!' But none came down to be washed."

"Good gracious, Sarah! where do you think they have gone to?"

"Well," said Sarah, who was worth her weight in gold for an honest, hard-working servant, though a free, rough speaking one, "I should say they have gone to my uncles'."

"Dear, dear!" I ejaculated, for I did not affect to misunderstand her; "are they reduced to such straits as that?"

"La, ma'am! let 'em hope they may never be reduced to worse," retorted Sarah. "You don't know the schemes and contrivances for getting along in London, when things are hard up. It's a mercy there's such things as uncles to go to. Since the baker would not leave the bread on credit, our two ladies don't take in half enough to feed 'em. They have not had meat, neither, for three days, nor nothing to substitute for it but them six herrings yesterday—which was anything but of the freshest, as my nose told me in cleaning 'em. Miss Graves—it's she as generally speaks—is always ready with excuses; they've got cold's and can't eat, or they've got this, or got that."

"Do they owe much to the baker?"

"Five shillings, odd. He's a cautious man is our baker, and says he never trusts no lodgers. And now," added Sarah, stopping in her paring and looking at me, "they don't take in no milk."

I went on mixing my crust and ruminating. I felt much sorrow for them, for I was sure they were not systematic deceivers, and I cannot but say I felt for my own pocket. I now looked upon the money as being as good as lost, and we wanted it badly.

"I should like to know what they mean to do for coals," resumed Sarah; "there ain't above a couple of scutfuls left. They'll be wanting us to lend 'em some, but if we do, we may whistle for 'em back again. Haven't I pared enough yet, missis?"

I declare I had been paying no attention to the apples, and Sarah had done too many. So, to prevent waste, I thought I would make a pie and use them up. Popping my dumplings, when they were ready, into the iron pot, I got down the flour-jar again.

What with this, and slicing and salting red cabbage for pickling, which I was doing that morning, it struck one before I had well finished. I told Sarah to dish up the dinner.

It was Irish stew we had that day, and the girl got the great hash dish and put it on the table, and then, taking the large saucenpan from the fire, turned the greater portion of its contents into the dish. I went inside the pantry, to put away some of the things I had been using, when Miss Graves came into the kitchen, nearly running against Sarah and her hash dish, who was just going out.

Miss Graves came up to the fire, not seeing me. And oh! the pinching look of care and want that her face wore! I wondered I had never noticed it before. She looked, with eager eyes, into the saucenpan which Sarah had lodged, without its lid, on the fender, and then turned away, as if she would shut out its sight. On the table there lay a little heap of stew, splashed there by Sarah, when pouring it out, and she stole to the table and caught this up greedily with her finger, and ate it. I heard Sarah coming back again, and had to come out of my hiding-place, though indeed I had not gone in for hiding. She started when she saw me, and her face turned crimson. I made believe not to have seen her till then.

"Is it you, ma'am?" I said. What a cold day! Pray take care of your sleaze against the table; something seems to have been spilt on it. I hope it has not touched it."

"Oh, no," she said, brushing away at her right hand cuff, with a nervous movement.

"Some of them young misses jumped about when they saw and smelt the Irish stew," observed Sarah, when she entered. "It's a rare favorite dish of theirs."

"I don't wonder at that, when it smells as savory as yours," remarked Miss Graves. "I looked a little to it myself to day, and put in a bit of thyme; that's a great improvement," I said. "Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't think we ever put thyme in ours."

"Then if you'll allow me, I'll send you up a little plate of this to taste," I said to her; for I could not bear to think that they were going to eat our fill of this nice dish, and they should only smell and long for it.

"Oh, thank you," she stammered, her face going crimson again, but—the trouble—

"Don't mention it, pray," I interrupted; "it's no trouble. Sarah, bring me in that little dish."

I took my place at the head of the school-room-table, and Sarah, looking as demure as if she understood nothing, brought in the dish. I heaped it with the stew, and sent it up.

But of course I could not do this every day, and I fear circumstances grew straiter with our lodgers. Sarah was frequently opening her budget of wonders as to what they did, but I paid little heed to her, for they were not just now in her good graces, not having, for a long while, given her any gratuity—a neglect sure to excite the ire of a servant. One evening, a day or two after we had broken up for the Christmas holidays, she came bounding into the room, with eager, wild words. Lucy and I were sitting by firelight, for it was the dusk hour before tea, and she really started us both, though she spoke in a whisper.

"Miss! Miss Lucy! as sure as you are both alive, them two have got a man upstairs!"

"Who is he? What has he come for? Money, I suppose?"

"Not that sort of a man," retorted Sarah, with an indefinite amount of contempt in her tone for my simplicity—"not folks as call. A man locked up with 'em—concealed in their bedroom."

"How can you assert such a thing, Sarah!" exclaimed Lucy, sharply. "If they heard you, they might have you up before a police-court."

"Shouldn't care if they did," returned the girl. "I'd stand up for the truth there, as well as here. If ever I heard a man talk, I heard one up in their room just now!"

"Then you did not see him?" observed Lucy, sarcastically.

"Nor didn't want to, Miss Lucy, if you mean for the convincing of my eyes. I'll tell you, ma'am, how it was," she added, turning to me. "Their candles be all out—the last pound have lasted 'em three weeks, if it have lasted one, so it's plain they have mostly sat in the dark. In getting the candlesticks out, just now, I remembered there was nothing to put in 'em, so up I went into the drawing-room to say so. The door was locked when I got there—and they have kept it so for the last few days, which is another odd thing. I wasn't in a sunny humor—locking up room, like that, indeed; and I gave the latch a twist and a sharp push, and open it flew. In I went, and there wasn't a bit of fire in the grate, and I should like to know why. It was next to pitch dark, save a glimmer of light that came through the bedroom door, which was on the jar; and as I stood there, a strange voice, a man's voice, called out, 'I am so thirsty! If there's nothing else, you must give me water. My lips and tongue are parched.'"

"Sarah, how can you be so foolish!" uttered my sister. "Mrs. Archer speaks gruffly."

"A man's voice it was. I'll take my Bible oath on it," persisted Sarah. "I ran against the table, then, and caused a noise—not for the purpose: I was a stepping softly forward to peep in, and come in contact with one of its legs. Out flew Miss Graves, just as if I'd been a robber, and banged to the door behind her."

"Whose there?" she called out; for, now the door was shut, we couldn't see the ghost of one another."

"It's no one else, miss," I answered. "There ain't no candles left."

"Oh! well—I'll see about it," she said; "we don't want them yet; we are sitting by firelight. How did you get in, Sarah? I thought I slipped the bolt; for when we are sitting by ourselves, up here, and you all down stairs, we feel timid!"

"You couldn't have slipped it very far, miss," I said; "I gave the door a smart push, and it opened. Of course, I shouldn't have done it if I had known you'd fastened me out; but this is an awkward latch, and used to have a trick of catching, and I thought no more but that it was at again. So, with that I came away down stairs, and she came across the room and bolted the door again."

"Your ears heard double," cried Lucy. "You do fancy strange things sometimes, Sarah. Recollect the evening you came to us, last summer, and protested Miss Brown was talking out of the front window. And she fast asleep in her bed, all the while, at the back of the house!"

"That Miss Brown had as many ruses as a fox," uttered Sarah, "and I shall never believe but what she was a talking out at the front window; and to somebody over the wall, too. However, she's gone, so it don't matter; but whether or no, I ain't a man up there."

Lucy took the poker and raised the fire into a blaze, which lighted up the amused, incredulous smile on her face. But I confess I was staggered. The girl was so very earnest, and she had her share of strong common sense.

"It was a gentleman's voice," she resumed, and he spoke as if he was tired, or else in pain. Suppose I go and borrow the next door ladder, and climb up to their window, and have a look in?"

"Yes," cried Lucy, laughing heartily, as she flung down the poker, "do, Sarah. Never mind falls."

"What can I say we want with it? They'll think dark night's a funny time to borrow a garden ladder. Suppose I go with a tale, that an obstinate fit has took our curtains, these here, and they went down, and I want to get up to the rings? It is—"

"Do not run on so, Sarah," I interrupted; "you know I should permit nothing of the sort. And if the blind is down, as it is almost sure to be, you could not look into the room, if you did get up to the window."

"I'll go and see," was Sarah's answer, darting out into the hall, and thence to the garden.

"It is down," she said, returning in again. "But you just come and look here, Miss Lucy. If there ain't the shadow of a man's hat on the blind, I never saw a hat yet."

They went out into the cold night, and I followed them. There really was the shadow of a man's hat cast on the blind. It seemed as if the bamboo table had been drawn from the corner of the room—to get to the cupboard, probably—and was placed in front of the window. On it stood the hat, and the fire-light, being opposite, threw its shadow on the blind. As we looked, the form of one of the ladies passed before the window, and lifted the table back to its place, out of sight, and we went shivering into the house again.

"Now, ma'am, what do you think?" asked Sarah, triumphantly.

"Why, I think that some one has called," I resolutely replied. "The ladies are most respectable in their conduct—perfectly so; it is impossible to think them otherwise. You may have been out of the way when he—whatever it is—came to the door, and one of them must have come down and let him in. As to his being in the bedroom, it is natural they should be where the fire is this cold night."

"Not a soul has been to the door this afternoon," persisted Sarah. "I have been ironing, and have never stirred out of the kitchen. But now, ma'am, to prove the thing, I'll just turn the key of the front door and put it in my pocket. If it is a visitor, he must ask to be let out; if it's not—"

Sarah said no more—for who should have entered, after a tap at the door, but Miss Graves. She held a teacup in her hand.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, Miss Halliwell," she said, hesitatingly—she was a bad beggar—but would you oblige us with the loan of a little tea to-night? We are out of it, and it is too late to go and purchase."

"Certainly," I answered, unlocking my old sideboard drawer, where we kept the tea-caddy. "There's nothing so refreshing as a cup of tea."

"We don't, in general, care for it," observed Miss Graves, "but my sister is very poorly to-night, and complains of thirst. Thank you; greatly," she added, as she took the cup from me.

"Don't you want some water for it, miss?" called out Sarah. "Our kettle's as good as bile."

"Yes, if you please," she answered. "I'll come in the kitchen and make it now."

She did so, having a contest with Sarah afterwards. The latter wanted to carry up the tray with the cups and saucers, but Miss Graves insisted on doing it herself.

"To keep me out of the room," muttered Sarah, when she was gone, "for fear I should see what I should see."

However, in about half an hour the bell rang, and up bounded Sarah. It was to take away the tray; and when she had put it in the kitchen, she came into the parlor again, where I and Lucy were now at our tea.

"Well what did you see?" inquired Lucy. "Nothing, and didn't expect to, was Sarah's sulky reply. "They took care of that, before they called me up."

"Did you go into the bedroom?"

Yes, Miss Graves was sitting at the table, as if she'd been making tea, and Mrs. Archer was by the fire, looking well enough, as far as I saw by the fire-light. They had stirred the blaze up just before I went in, as an excuse for having no candles.

And what about the gentleman? laughed Lucy.

I expect he was in the bed, or on it, for the curtains was all drawn close round it, as tight as wax, like I have never seen 'em afore. I'm sure, ma'am, this affair's as good as a play.

Not to me, I sighed, if there should be anything in it.

And the hat! continued my sister.

Well, I was stupid there. I was so struck with them curtains—picturing what was inside 'em, and peering if there wasn't a slit as big as a needle to look through, that I never thought of the hat or the table. But don't you flatter yourself it was there. Miss Lucy; they'd take precious good care to put it away, afore they rang for me. I've a notion the man must be sick."

Why so?

Because I heard him say he was parched, as I told you, ma'am. And then, their having tea! That wasn't for Mrs. Archer; there's no more the matter with her than there is with me. Besides, who's the toast-and-water for? They told me to make a quarting full, and Miss Graves said she'd come down and fetch it.

We heard no more that night of the strange visitor. If he was there, he stopped in, for Sarah carried out her tea and put the key of the street door in her pocket. The next morning I went into the kitchen to give some orders to Sarah.

Look here, she cried, exhibiting some meat upon a plate, Miss Graves has been out and brought in this bit of serag of mutton, and them two turnips, and she said she supposed you'd oblige 'em with a bit of parsley out of the garden. It's to make some broth for her sister, she said, and they'll stew it up stairs, and I'm to take it up with the saucenpan of water. Not more than six-pence she couldn't have gave for it! concluded Sarah, taking up the meat, with an action of contempt, and flapping it down on the dish again.

Sarah, you are unfeeling, I said. The poor ladies are much to be pitied.

Pitied, indeed! What business have they in a house like ours, with no money to carry 'em on in it? retorted Sarah, who was in one of her worst humors. And the man they have got up there—perhaps he is to be pitied too!

I must forbid further allusions to that absurdity, Sarah. There's no man up there; the very idea is preposterous.

Very well, ma'am. If anything bad turns up out of this, don't say I did not give warning of it. One on 'em slept upon the sofa in the drawing room last night, for I see the bed clothes there this morning. I think that proves something.

The girl tossed her head, and went out of the kitchen, and I cannot say I felt easy all that day—far from it. But nothing fresh arose. Night came, and Lucy, who had a bad cold, (caught through flying out, the previous night, to stare at their window) went to bed at nine o'clock. At ten I sent Sarah, sitting up myself to finish some sewing, which I remembered was the turning of a sheet. After that I sat warming my feet, and it was upon the stroke of eleven when I went up to bed.

Concluded next week.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN ELECTRICITY.—The London Chronicle of March 31 says: "A great experiment, attended with the most satisfactory results, was tried a few days ago at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahtie and the officers of the fort. The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may therefore now be considered as the sole motive power, henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute—without flashing, smoke or noise. The same power can, it seems, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined entirely to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustible. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the water like a bird, and to fear neither storm nor hurricane. The inventor had already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he promises to accomplish in eight and forty hours!"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—"Pray, Professor Schuewicz, what is a periheliasis?"

"Madam, it is simply a circulatory and plenary cycle of oratorical sonorosity consisting an atom of idealty, lost in verbal profundity."

"Oh, that's it, is it?—well, tew be shore!"

Speeches at Cowpens,

We copy from the Charleston Standard the following report of the speeches made at the inauguration of the Cowpens Monument on the 22d ultimo.

When the work was completed, says the Standard's correspondent, "an excellent dinner, contributed by the ladies of Spartanburg, was enjoyed by the ladies upon the ground, a few favored guests, and the members of 'the Company.' Hams, turkeys, fowls, and delicious accompaniments disappeared before appetites sharpened by the exercise of the morning, and the anticipation of a march before the close of the day. When the eating was ended, the Washington Light Infantry and the Cowpens Artillery were drawn up around, and while the crowd pressed thickly and closely upon them, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, the Chaplain of the Company, ascended the stand, and spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Charleston Washington Light Infantry—Friends and Fellow citizens of Spartanburg District: We have assembled to erect, with grateful hearts and willing hands, an enduring monument that shall commemorate one of the most important and critical engagements that took place during the war of American Independence. We are all children of one beloved commonwealth, all citizens of one great expanding, and renowned confederacy. Coming from our near and distant homes, we rejoice that the warm breezes of the sea-board are to mingle this day with the invigorating air-currents of the mountain, and flow together, as we trust, in a combined channel of sympathy and patriotism. The practice of erecting monumental structures, and the sentiment connected with it, seem to have been coeval with the history of the human race down from the earliest periods. We are happy to find ourselves this moment engaged in a kindred undertaking.

It has been deemed fitting to introduce these observances by religious exercises. We remember that our fathers, who secured our liberties, were religious men, and in fact, that it was religion as much as any other agency, that fought the mighty battles, and sustained the awful sacrifices of the revolution. These young men who have come up hither to perform a patriotic duty, have also been trained in the religion of their fathers, and are all worshippers at the temples of Jehovah. Accordingly, before addressing, at their instance, the Throne of Grace, I take pleasure in reading to you, as a portion of our exercises, and as illustrative of the occasion, the following passage from those sacred scriptures, which seem always to furnish something appropriate to every exigency of human experience. The children of Israel, after being rescued from the perils of the wilderness, were in sight of the promised land, and this is the record of an incident which at that moment occurred among them:

And Moses with the elders of Israel commanded the people, saying, keep all the commandments which I command you this day.

And it shall be on the day when ye shall pass over Jordan unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, that thou shalt set thee up great stones, and plaster them with plaster.

And thou shalt write upon them all the words of this law, when thou art passed over, that thou mayest go in unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, a land that floweth with milk and honey; as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee.

Therefore it shall be when ye be gone over Jordan that ye shall set up these stones, which I command you this day, in Mount Ebal; and thou shalt plaster them with plaster.

And thou shalt write upon the stones all the words of the law very plainly.

Dr. Gilman then continued with the following prayer:

Oh thou, who art our God, and the God of our fathers! We would begin, continue, and end all our doings in thee. We invoke thy blessing on the interesting occasion which now assembles us together. We rejoice to believe that thy hand protected our fathers when they appealed to thee, and went forth to battle for the privileges which we now enjoy. We thank thee for the result of the local struggle which we have come to commemorate here. May the blessings which we inherit be faithfully cherished, and be transmitted unimpaired to